LILY'S LIPS
by Andrew “Change” Huang

oh lily, lovely lily—

i often find you tucked away in solitude—
with blush bell-petals encasing a sweet
and intoxicating smile—at your usual spot
on the bench just outside the library.

some days in the lecture hall, glimpses
of you capture a polaroid by my heart—

your curly hairs hang in a messy bun, and
your knit blouse pinches at waistband
of a floral skirt over a pair of black tights—
as you strut down the aisle to your seat.

lily, vibrant lily—i want to

pluck you away from your thoughts;
spend the long hours of a day to gather
a bouquet of you; then finally wrap
my arms around your waist to pull you

closer, closer, and closer—

amorously—only a moment from sealing
the day with a taste of nectar on your lips.